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Our Home, our Country, our Brother Man.

Deep Ploughing.

The attention of farmers has been repeatedly and generally called, within a year or two, to the benefits to be derived from deep ploughing. Let the soil be ever so fertile and well pulverized, on the surface, and if only a few inches of it be loosened, so as to afford the roots of plants an opportunity to penetrate, but a small crop, comparatively, can be raised. By ploughing to a greater depth the subsoil is brought into a condition to be improved by the atmosphere so as to afford nourishment to plants, the roots have a wider and deeper range, and more particles of the soil are thus brought into contact with them, and consequently a larger growth is obtained. A soil in equally good condition, which is twelve inches deep, is capable of producing nearly or quite twice as much as one only six inches in depth.

The committee on farms of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, in speaking of the farm of Mr. E. S. Salisbury, of Jefferson county, say that his usual depth of ploughing is from six to eight inches; but he ploughed some land the last season, a gravelly loam, twelve inches deep. The effect was, the crops, barley and peas, were 50 per cent. better than those upon the ordinary ploughing. They stood the severe drought better. He had similar results from deep ploughing for winter crops.

The committee further remark, that the deep ploughing was doubtless beneficial, as it afforded a deeper medium for the roots to take effect in and protect themselves from the dry weather; and whether the fertility was increased by the nature of the soil or not, it would be sure to be improved by bringing up the rich parts of the manure which the owner had been for years burying there, six or eight inches deep. The farmer should endeavor to increase the depth and consequently the value and productivity of his soil by tillage. The immediate advantage of deep ploughing will depend very much on the nature and condition of the subsoil. By turning up a large quantity of the subsoil at once, the crops are sometimes more injured than benefited by the operation. We have heard of some cases of disappointment resulting from this cause. When we turned upon the common furrow plough for deep tillage, we should be careful and not attempt to do too much at once. By running the plough an inch deeper every year, and turning up the subsoil in the autumn, there will be little danger of the crops being injured until the proper depth is attained. The subsoil plough is probably the best implement for loosening the subsoil, and its utility is now fully established. We are glad to perceive that it is coming into more extensive use in this State.

Manuring Fruit Trees.

That fruit trees are not capable of yielding successive crops of fair and well developed fruit, unless the soil in which they stand is liberally supplied with those fertilizing ingredients which are adapted to their necessities, every man of observation believes. These ingredients may be supplied in various ways and in various forms. Some accomplish this by cultivating the soil, applying suitable manures, and raising various crops among the trees. This method is liable to some objections, especially where the trees are large, as the roots and sometimes the trunks are more or less injured by the plough and harrow, and the crops, owing to their shaded situation, do not always pay for the time and labor expended on them. Many persons are in the habit of putting occasionally a cart load of partially rotted barn yard manure or good compost around their trees, and they have found this to answer an excellent purpose. In the autumn, after the fruit is gathered, manure or compost may be thus applied, and the benefit will be perceived the coming season. Swamp muck, lime and ashes make a good compost, which repeated experiments have proved to be well adapted to every kind of fruit trees. Mr. Cole, in his Fruit Book, makes the following observations on manures for fruit trees:

"A great variety of manures is useful for trees, and various kinds besides animal manures are often best and cheapest; yet animal manures, about one part in two or three, are very good in compost. Mud, peat, or muck is excellent, if dug and exposed to the air and frost one season. They are most improved by the addition of ashes, ten or twenty bushels to the cord. A small quantity of lime, salt, root, and plaster are also excellent. These form a cheap and valuable manure.

Rotten wood, hay, straw, leaves, sawdust, chips, shavings, weeds, &c., are excellent manures for trees; but some alkali, such as lime or ashes, should be added to neutralize the acidity. These substances are all excellent for mulching. Fine charcoal is good; so are saltpetre, nitrate of soda, in small quantities. Green is good, properly mixed in loam, but it is usually dear. The fine salt lye or soap-boilers' waste, mixed with loam, is valuable, and it is best to mix them in compost. Bone manure and horn shavings are good. Almost every vegetable substance in liberal portions, animal substances in moderate way, well prepared, and mineral substances in profusion or in a small way, according to their strength, are beneficial to trees, when properly prepared and applied, and a variety is usually the best. Even coal-ashes are useful on any soil. Blacksmiths' cinders are good for pear-trees and grape-vines. Night soil mixed with loam is fine, and even granite-dust is useful."

Money is a very good servant, but a bad master. It may be accused of injury towards mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few who make false money, whereas money makes many men false. Dravo actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

The Rose.

FRIEND HOLMES:—Although "Rosy June," and the season of roses, have long since passed, yet the picture of a beautiful *La Reine*, or a rich *Chromatella*, will bring to our remembrance, and cause us still to admire, yet almost to revere, the "Queen of Flowers," which has been so long a theme for the poet and the classical scholar.

History tells us that the cultivation of the rose was carried to perfection among the ancient Romans; and so abundant were the roses in the winter, that a present of them to an emperor, as a compliment in honor of his birthday, excited ridicule. On the occasion of festivals they were sought after to adorn and perfume the banquet hall. We are told that Cleopatra, when she went into Cilicia to meet Mark Antony, gave him festal roses for several successive days. "On the fourth day the Queen carried her sumptuousness so far as to pay a talent, [about six hundred dollars] for a quantity of roses, with which she caused the floor of the hall to be covered to the depth of eighteen inches. These flowers were retained by a very fine net, in order that the guests might walk over them."

Among other instances of the luxurious use of the rose, it is stated that, on the occasion of one feast alone, the emperor Nero expended about \$100,000, in roses. In some countries of the East an extensive trade was carried on in cultivating the rose and manufacturing rose water and attar of roses, and the essential oil of the rose, as an article of commerce. A traveler states that the attar was sold in Ispahan, at one period, for near \$92 an ounce. The culture of the rose has received but little attention in this country, and among our worldly minded farmers; still we are occasionally introduced to a rare and beautiful *Rosa muscosa* or *Rosa damascena*, which was not "born to blush unseen." The soil for the rose should be a mellow loam, with a portion of vegetable mould incorporated. Downing recommends *roses* or *rich* charred turf, as the most perfect specific stimulant. Night soil mixed with fine charcoal, or some other absorbent, makes a good manure. Roses are propagated from sprouts, layers, cuttings, buds and grafts. A splendid group of roses may be produced by budding several distinct varieties into one large and vigorous bush. Layers are formed by bending down the branches and covering them with the soil. At or near midsummer, a branch of well ripened wood should be stripped of its foliage, then cut in to the center and upwards three-fourths of an inch, opposite a bud; place a piece of wood or gravel between the parts thus separated, to keep them open. Excavate the soil one foot, mix some compost or rich mould with the earth, and replace it with 5 inches of the surface, lay in the branch, and fasten with pegs, raise the top upright, and press the soil firmly around it. When well rooted, separate, with a knife, from the parent bush.

Propagating by cuttings is rather a difficult and uncertain process. S. B. Parsons, in his interesting and valuable treatise on the Rose, gives the following method:—"For propagation in the open ground, cuttings should be made in the early part of winter, but it should be done earlier with us in Maine. They should be made of wood, of the growth of the season, and about eight inches long. The lower end should be cut square, close to the bud, and they can then be planted thickly, two-thirds of their length, in sand, in a light and dry cellar. Here a callous will be formed on the bottom of each cutting, during the winter, and on being planted out in the spring they will immediately throw out roots. They should be planted as early as possible in spring, in a light, sandy loam, with one-third of their length, and at least one bud above the surface of the ground. The earth should be trodden down very tightly about them, in order, as much as possible, to exclude the air. If the weather is dry, they should be watered in the evening."

Among the many highly extolled roses, of richest hue and surpassing fragrance, a few, at least, should find a place in every garden, and by the side of every mansion and cottage. Where there is a chance to cover an arbor, trellis, paling, or even the side of a building, the scenery may be greatly enhanced by training a climbing rose, such as a Bouraunt, Baltimore Belle, or a Queen of the Prairies. The latter is perfectly hardy with us, and with its aspiring habit appears destined to satisfy those whose tastes are "upward and onward." Last year we set out a small plant, which was received in a pot from a Westchester gardener, soon after starting. This rose has sent up a vigorous shoot of *one-half* foot, besides numerous side branches. Climbers, and all others that will admit of it, should be bent to the ground and slightly protected on the approach of winter.

Now, I will entreat the readers of the Farmer, and all others interested in Agriculture, Horticulture, or Floriculture, to cultivate the rose. Let each member of the family rear a favorite rose; and I will ask for the Persian benediction, that you may "sleep upon roses, and the dew that falls may turn into rose water." SIOGA.

Care of Sheep.

The following directions relative to the care of sheep during the present month are copied from the Northern Shepherd.

Sheep must, in some way, be sheltered from cold rains, as the wind is generally east and north-east. A low or depressed piece of woodland on the south and east side of the pasture, may be sufficient. If nothing else can be done, they must be brought to the winter folds, in bad storms.

You will be very careful that no sheep stray, and that the fences are kept up at all times, and that the sheep do not contract unruly habits. All the sheep that are hearsey, learn in this month and November, and such a habit must destroy the value of the flock, for keeping on a farm. What man can keep an unruly flock of sheep upon his premises? These habits may however be prevented, and you must do it. The fine woolled breeds are less subject to being unruly than many others. If ever salt does good it is at this season of the year, and I would salt mine if it were for no other purpose than to tame them.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

On Horses.

The Committee on Horses have attended to the service assigned them, and beg leave to report.

There were four entries of Stud Horses, viz: one by Hiram Reed, of Augusta, one by Lewis H. Blake, of Mt. Vernon, one by Ambrose Hovey, of Augusta, and one by Joseph Marston, of Fayette; all of them very good horses. Your Committee award to Hiram Reed, of Augusta, the Society's first premium, for his horse, Bush Messenger; and to Lewis H. Blake, of Mt. Vernon, the second premium, for his horse, Kennebec.

There were eight entries of Breeding Mares, viz: one each by Samuel Cummings, Jr., of Augusta, James Moulton of Wayne, Robert G. Skifford, of Readfield, Ira Towle, of Monmouth, Edward Jones, of Winthrop, Joseph F. Jennings, of Wayne, Gancelo White, of Winthrop, and Roscoe K. White, of Winthrop. The last named one was only twenty-six months old when she had her first colt. Your committee award to Gancelo White, of Winthrop, the Society's first premium, for his breeding mare, and to Ira Towle, of Monmouth, the second premium.

There were only two entries for Matched Horses, both by Geo. Robinson, of Augusta. One pair were very good horses, and very well trained; but were not matched in color. The other pair were well matched for color, but were not so good as the first named pair. Your Committee could not make up their minds to award the premium on either pair. All of which is most respectfully submitted.

JOSEPH H. UNDERWOOD, Chairman.

On Cows, &c.

The Committee having duly examined all the animals of this class, entered for premiums, recommend as follows:—

CLASS 1.—Durhams. First premium to Prize, owned by Jesse Wadsworth, of Livermore.

CLASS 4.—Grades. First premium to Red Cow, owned by Peleg and G. A. Benson, of Winthrop. Second premium to Roan Cow, owned by Jesse Wadsworth, of Livermore.

Two years old Heifers. First premium to the Heifer owned by Peleg and G. A. Benson, of Winthrop; second to Heifer owned by Mr. Nathaniel Kent, of Mt. Vernon.

Yearling Heifers. First premium to Heifer of Jesse Wadsworth, of Livermore.

Heifer Calves. First premium to Calf owned by Peleg and G. A. Benson, of Winthrop.

Your Committee, on entering the show ground, were much pleased to witness the number of fine oxen exhibited, particularly the teams of Fayette and Readfield, but on proceeding to that part of the ground where the cows and heifers were exposed to be found, they were struck with surprise at the few specimens presented for their examination, and began shrewdly to suspect that some new patent method had been discovered to raise oxen without the preliminary use of cows.

There were not a dozen cows on the ground, but some of these were of much value. The cow and heifers of Messrs. Benson, (recommended herein,) are animals of much excellence, combining, in a great degree, the requisites of good form, and deep milking. There was but one pure Durham presented, a large, roomy cow, seemingly well calculated for raising stock, and owned by Mr. Wadsworth. Mr. Albert Daggett's cow was well thought of. The heifer of Mr. Kent, of Mt. Vernon, is a large and well developed animal, and will, doubtless, be valuable for stock. The grade stock of Mr. Wadsworth is a decided improvement on our native cattle.

The small number of cows, &c., offered, prevented the award of more premiums. Those for whom premiums are recommended are, in the opinion of the committee, well worthy of them. It is a source of regret that we should take so little pains in the improvement, and so little pride in the exhibitions of our cows. Without excellence in them we cannot hope to continue the breed of fine oxen, for which this country is justly famed.

R. A. WAINWRIGHT, Chairman.

On Bulls and Bull Calves.

The Committee first proceeded to the examination of the Durhams presented for premium, and found four, two bulls and two bull calves, presented by Mr. Jesse Wadsworth, of East Livermore. They were much pleased with their four years old bull, Osceola, and deem him worthy of the Society's first premium on Durhams. To Mr. Wadsworth, for his beautiful bull calf, Young East Windsor, they cheerfully award the second premium. The Committee were well pleased with Mr. W.'s full blood Durham bull calf, Comet, which he had not entered for premium, but presented for exhibition merely.

Your Committee believe that Mr. Wadsworth has introduced into this State some of the best blooded stock that can be found in the country; and they can but wish that he would hold in proper respect that old adage, "Good feed makes good breed;" or in other words, that he would keep less stock, or raise more hay, roots and grain.

The Committee, after a fruitless search for Herefords and Ayrshires, were obliged to take up the old lament, "They are gone, all gone," or else they had not arrived.

In the Committee's investigation of the merits of grade bulls, two years old and upwards, they arrived at the conclusion that the brown bull entered by Mr. F. B. Williams, of Winthrop, was worthy of the first, and his speckled bull of the second premium offered by this Society.

The first premium on yearling grade bulls, the Committee awarded to Mr. Wm. G. Turner, of Leeds. Of this animal it is proper to observe that his points were fair, his size great, weighing 1430 lbs., and his hair bright red, fine, smooth and glossy. The second premium is offered to Mr. Ambrose Hovey, of Augusta, for his yearling bull.

The first premium on bull calves the Committee unanimously awarded to Master John C. Wood, of Winthrop, for his bull calf, sired by Mr. Williams' brown bull; and the second to Mr. Albert Daggett, of Hallowell, for his bull calf, which was hardly a whit behind the one which received the first premium.

The Committee noticed, with much pleasure, the fine bull, Diamond, reared by Mr. Washington Robbins, of Thomaston, and presented for

exhibition by Mr. Samuel Stackpole, of the same place. Mr. Robbins deserves much credit for his exertions to improve the stock, and agriculture in general, in his County. We hope that ere long a Show and Fair will be decreed in Lincoln, so that Mr. Robbins and his compatriots in improvement shall not be necessitated to drive their fine stock to Old Kennebec for exhibition, and that they may receive in their own County the credit due them for their laudable exertions to raise the standard of agriculture in this region.

MICHAEL B. SEARS, Chairman.

To Destroy Rats.

MR. EDITOR:—I know not to what extent others may have suffered from these destructive intruders, but I suppose all are more or less afflicted with them. To such the following mode of extermination will not, I presume, meet an unwelcome reception. Four years since, our premises were literally overrun with them. In the cellar, chamber or barn, nothing could remain uncovered, without being disturbed. They even became so ravenous as to attack and destroy young turkeys and chickens. Hereupon war was declared, and I forthwith procured a quantity of arsenic, sifted it evenly on some thin slices of well buttered wheat bread, and deposited them in the house corners, behind the cellar lath, and in such other places as nothing but rats and mice could have access to. It had its desired effect. In one week's time, not one could be seen about the premises. After an absence of two years they again returned, apparently as numerous as before, when I renewed hostilities, resorted to my former mode of defence, and obtained a like result.

I am satisfied that the majority of them were destroyed; but if any were fortunate enough not to partake of the feast, they were induced to leave and seek more hospitable entertainment elsewhere.

North Dismont, 1850.

Corn for Stock Pasture—A Valuable Experiment.

EDS. NEW YORKER: In offering this communication I have two objects under consideration—one of which I would solicit your views, scientifically presented, to the patrons of your valuable paper.

The first is the value of corn, sowed for farm stock or pasture, at the time when they are most needed for food. I sowed, about the 8th day of June last, 10 acres to corn—about one bushel per acre—with Eick, Barry & Co.'s butter made about the 20th of August raised from the ground, which left the roots eighteen inches apart. About the middle of July, when the tassels began to be exhibited, I turned my stock into it. My stock consisted of 3 horses, 7 cows, 5 two years old, 2 yearlings and 8 store hogs. About the first of August 400 sheep and lambs were turned in with the other stock.

Near the middle of August 200 sheep were taken from the lot; the remainder were kept in until the first of Sept., at which time I turned the lot of the corn under with the plow. I think 20 head of cattle might have been kept on the premises, more than has been during the time mentioned above. About the middle or 20th of August, I commenced plowing the lot to sow wheat. I presume that six acres that could not be eaten off was plowed under.

Now for the second object under consideration. My cows were turned from a clover pasture into the corn. At the time they were turned into the corn the butter made was about like that of the neighbors, being soft and pale. About the first of August we found, on using the butter daily, that it was becoming very hard like tallow. The butter made about the 20th of August was hard as the hardest beef's tallow. A specimen of about 20 lbs., that was presented at the County Fair, we now have on hand, laid by for winter use.

Since the first of Sept., the time the corn was disposed of, my cows have been kept in a clover pasture; and my butter is as soft as before they were turned into the corn. The butter began to soften about the middle of September.

All things considered—the cows having free access to water the whole season—the milk having been set in the same cellar—butter made by the same hands (and lads) and the same kind of salt used—of the result is worthy of notice.

Now, sir, we look to you to give us the cause that has produced the effect described. Many acres will be sown to corn for pasture and winter use next season, in this County. Many farmers examined the crop and the product and declare they will be in for it next season. O. M. B. Gaines, Orleans Co., N. Y., Sept. 30, 1850.

REMARKS.—The facts exhibited by the above experiment, we deem worthy consideration and trial. It is well known by dairymen, that rich red clover pastures produce the least and poorest butter of any herbaceous food, and that dry and cured coarse fodder is favorable to its production. As a summer provision, preparatory to wheat, we think it may be a very profitable course, especially where the farm stock is large and the pasture scarce. We should expect but little benefit, however, from the remains of the corn turned under, as an improver of the soil.

[Rural New Yorker.]

A Remedy for Choked Cattle.

MR. EDITOR: In January last I had a cow choked very badly with a piece of turnip. I resorted to a number of ways that I had heard of, but all of no use. I went to work and fixed a wire about as big as a small pipe-ten; I then made a loop of it, about fifteen inches long when doubled. I sawed off a broom handle, and grooved two sides five inches, to bed the tightness of the wire. I bored a gimlet hole to put each end of the wire in; I then wound over the handle and wire with a wax thread—then took a hand from a small wagon hub—placed that in the cow's mouth, so as to put this wire and handle through into the core of the cow. This machine was put down about three feet before the turnip fell into the loop, which was drawn back and hauled out the turnip.

This is a mode that we have not seen recommended to clear out the throat of a choked animal. Yet we see no objection to a trial of it when other means fail. [Mass. Ploughman.]

Agricultural Hymn.

The following hymn, composed by C. C. HOBBS, was sung on the occasion of the recent Agricultural Exhibition at South Berwick.

In ages past men strove in war,
Or for adventure ploughed the main,
While agriculture, with its arts,
Had many years neglected lain.

Two noble themes to be a man,
Decked with spoils of conquered foes,
And far above the plough, and fall,
The warrior's bloody sword arose.

All now is changed, the farmer holds
A place with earth's most honored sons,
And in his home, with plenty blessed,
Sweet joy and calm contentment comes.

Unweary by toils, that others morn,
His life glides as a summer's day,
'Till in the autumn of old age,
No more by death, he's borne away.

Our narrow bounds confine his powers,
His workshop is his native soil,
And health with him takes her abode,
By labor hardened, and undimmed by toil.

Let others boast of wealth untold,
Unweary by toils, that others morn,
Not Caliban's mines can buy
The peace of mind 'tis his to know.

Then let the farmer's name be sung,
And architectural arts be praised,
For where is there a nobler theme,
In which our voices can be raised?

Oh! haste the time, in future days,
When Mars shall from his throne be hurled,
The sword be for the sickle changed,
And fruitful Ceres rule the world.

Mulching Fruit Trees.

We have lately seen several instances of this system, which should commend it to general adoption in all cases where there can be any hope of benefit from its use. The first was in an orchard consisting of nearly a thousand apple trees, belonging to Mr. L. F. Allen, on Grand Island. This orchard had been planted four or five years, on a hard, clay soil, and during all the previous seasons had made little growth, nor scarcely bore an apple. Last spring, a large forkful of swamp grass was spread around the trunk of each tree; and the consequence has been, constant dampness on the surface of the ground beneath the hay, and a more vigorous growth than has ever before taken place, while almost every tree is covered with fruit. As the owner proposes giving us a full description of his orchard, and their treatment, we omit further notice of them for the present.

Another friend practices mulching with salt hay, which is much better for this purpose than the preceding. This contains an additional ingredient for attracting moisture in the salt combined with it. Many plants require shade and moisture, and when protected by this, will thrive and yield abundantly, which, if not thus protected, would be entirely unproductive.

Another friend uses the shives (the fine, woody portions) of flax. By giving a thick covering of these to the ground around the trees, all the benefits of moisture are secured. There is a decided advantage in the use of this material, as it does not require to be raked off like hay and straw, on the approach of cold weather, to avoid harboring field mice or other vermin, which frequently commit great ravages among the trees during winter, when they have a hiding-place near. The cutting of the hay or straw in a cutting machine, would prepare it equally well for this purpose, as the shives of flax. Tan bark, or saw dust, is also useful, but it is better to have the latter discovered, so as to approach a dark brown. The soil facilitates the radiation of heat, and the consequent formation of dews, both of which circumstances largely augment production.

[Am. Agriculturist.]

REMARKS.—By mulching trees, they are placed in a condition similar to trees in the forest. They are protected from the scorching sun and parching drought; and they are kept nearer a state of equilibrium of temperature during the various changes from heat to cold, and the reverse; of course there will be a more uniform growth, and less liability to disease in trees, and imperfection in fruit.

To shade remain a few years after taken from the vat, until it is partially decomposed; or lime, ashes, or other alkaline substances should be mixed with the tan, to destroy the *tannic acid*, else it may injure the trees which it is intended to protect.

[Ed. N. E. Farmer.]

Romance about Bees.

Some months ago, we published a little article from the Maine Farmer, in which the writer took occasion to question some of the commonly received opinions in respect to the sex of what is commonly termed the "queen bee," the sex, habits, and manner of death of the "drones," &c. Since that time we have been looking into the matter as we have had opportunity, and at the risk of being laughed at for our absurdity, must beg leave to differ entirely with the popular theories on the subject, and express our convictions that the bee family is organized on the same principles as other living things; that the number of males and females is about equal in each community; that the drones are females, and the mothers of the hive, who, after acting their part, in a natural manner, and are then removed by the live bees from the hive; and that the "queen," whether male or female, is simply the ruler or governor of the community—obtaining his power by some process well known among themselves, and exercising just so much of it as may be necessary to the well-being of the family.

The striking down of the leader of the bees, when the swarm is on its flight, creates no more confusion among them, than does the shooting of the leader of a flock of wild geese create among them, and can any one tell us how low this latter official obtains his power?

We have noticed that bees never swarm when they have space enough to work in, and that a hive which, placed in a small box, would swarm two or three times, and of course produce many "queens," in a large box or house would not swarm at all, and of course no queens would be produced. Does not this show that this insect obtains its eminence by some other means than the arbitrary law of birth?

Mr. T. B. Minor, of Oneida county, N. Y., has published a very valuable little treatise on the management of bees, entitled the "American Bee-keeper's Manual," which so far as the directions for the treatment of these little work-

is concerned, is worthy of attention. But we notice some of his late communications to the General Farmer, on the character and habits of the bee which to our notion are pure speculation. The following article, for instance, appears to us as complete *gossip* as ever issued from the public press.

DROES. The objects and uses for which droes were created have been a mystery, to some extent, through all ages. The opinions of naturalists and apirians have ever differed on this subject. Some have thought that their duty was to incubate, or hatch the eggs, by sitting over the cells, thereby generating the necessary heat. Others, that their presence in the hive, though not located to any specific duty, was requisite to generate a proper degree of animal heat to develop the young brood. Others, that a seminal aura exhaled by them and attached to the eggs, imparted the life principle. The visionary theories and vagaries of the ignorant were, and are to the present day, wild and extravagant, some ascribing to them this duty, some that duty, and some no duty at all, but simply considering them a disadvantage to the welfare of the apiary, and the sooner got rid of the better.

Of late years more light has dawned on this subject, and it is now pretty well settled that the use of droes is solely to impregnate the queens. It has ever been known that they were males, but the fact that five hundred or one thousand of them exist in every hive, threw another cloud of mystery over the matter, since but one female exists. Now the solution of this mystery is thus unfolded.—The impregnation of the queen takes place on the wing. She never leaves the hive after issuing with a swarm but once, until she again issues the next season with a swarm. This solitary departure from the hive is always within three days after the hiving, and generally the next day, and only occurs with young queens,—the old ones being impregnated on their first issue continue operative for life. If any one will patiently watch a hive in which a swarm is placed, with a young queen (all swarms after the first) he may discover her issuing, first rising a few feet and taking a short circle, and then returning, as if to mark well her tenement, lest she enter a wrong hive on her final return, if there be others, then suddenly re-issuing and rising in horizontal elongated circles, until lost to the sight. The departure takes place between 12 M. and 2 P. M., at the time when the droes issue, and also take an aerial flight. Hundreds of droes are flying to and fro at this period, high on the wing, and the queen cannot fail to come in contact with some of them, and thus effect the object of her flight. She is absent from the hive about an hour. That notion takes place on the wing, is evident from the well-known fact that humble bees perform their amours in this way, and most if not all others winged insects. The great and apparently useless number of males in this case is only in accordance with the wisdom of Nature in providing enough to always ensure the fertility of a queen, as the prosperity of the colony depends upon her immediate fertility. Much may be said in further illustration of this subject, but my limits here forbid it. [Valley Farmer.]

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

EDS. CULTIVATORS. Perhaps there is more truth in the above line than is generally imagined. I, for one, believe that there is more truth expressed in this simple phrase, than in many a gilded volume, whose decorations poorly compensate the reader for the nonsense found within.

Farmers, in New England especially, labor too hard. The sole object, with too many of them, is to get money—to increase their possessions. They seem to think that a man's happiness depends upon the number of dollars he has—that enjoyment rises or falls in proportion as wealth increases or diminishes. Now this is a very common error, and one which we are all liable to fall into. We naturally suppose that wealth and happiness go hand in hand, but we often find ourselves mistaken. The man who labors constantly

"From early dawn to gloom's grey"
infringes one of the most important laws of his being. He cannot cultivate his mental powers if he would, for the simple reason that excessive labor so weakens the brain that he feels no disposition to study, and would find it impossible were he inclined to do it. We all know that by overloading the stomach with food we are rendered weaker, both physically and mentally. The stomach is then compelled to rob both the muscles and the brain, in order to throw off this excess of food. It is just so with the muscles; when they are over taxed, the brain and the other organs must suffer in consequence. And upon the same principle the brain, when too severely taxed—when there is little danger of among them, and the mind will require more than its share of nervous energy in order to supply the demand made upon it.

In order to follow the laws of Nature—which no one can transgress with impunity—we should never cultivate one set of organs while another lies dormant. The mind of itself does not form a man, neither does the body, but both combined, when properly balanced, form a man perfect in every respect. Farmers often complain that their boys, instead of following in the "good old way," are glad of a chance to learn a trade, or get behind the counter. Now I do not wonder at this in the least. We expect too much of them. They are made to work with no inducement but that of necessity, and then we wonder that they "hate farming!" The less boys are required to work beyond their inclinations, the better. Not that they should lie dormant, but let them have proper inducement, and there will be little danger of laziness. They require those energies for growth, which grow pains can expend in labor; consequently if we require hard labor of them we injure their health, and induce premature decay. Excessive labor, even if it does not break down their constitution, has a brutalizing effect, as it extinguishes all love of study, and renders them capable only of animal feelings and enjoyments; thus turning into a curse, what, properly regulated, is man's greatest blessing, and most prolific source of enjoyment. [Albany Cultivator.]

He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath a place of profit and honor. A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Buckwheat.

In the United States, buckwheat is sown immediately after the crops of wheat, rye, and oats are taken off, the stubble being turned under. The plants are very tender, and suffer from the frost fall, and also from the scorching rays of the sun. The growth is very rapid, and even on poor sandy soils tolerable crops are often obtained in little more than two months after sowing. The soils best adapted are the loose, mellow, sandy, and dry. In the State of New York buckwheat is frequently sown about the first of August, along with winter wheat, affording a rich crop in the fall, and taken off without material injury to the wheat crop that succeeds it. When sown broadcast about one bushel is sufficient for an acre; half of this quantity will answer when drilled. In harvesting it is either pulled up by the roots, which saves much loss of seed, or it is mown with a scythe. In either case it is bound up in sheaves, and left a considerable time in the field, to secure its drying and prevent heating, to which it is very liable, especially if put into large stacks, and closely housed. From thirty to fifty bushels per acre is considered a good crop. But this amount is under favorable circumstances, sometimes doubled. The buckwheat flour of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, is in high repute, especially in the middle and southern States. That from New Jersey is much the lightest color—a quality derived from an admixture of corn ground with it, in the proportion of a fifth or sixth part. This corn is raised for the special purpose, being very soft and extremely white.

In some parts of Italy they mix buckwheat with a certain portion of barley, and grind it into flour, the bread made from which retains its moisture and freshness much longer than the common bread made from wheat flour. The 'dark' colored, this bread is much relished by the natives. In Germany a coarse grained meal or grits, is made of buckwheat, much used in thickening soups, making puddings, &c. The German also mix it with malt, and brew a kind of beer or ale from it. By distillation a very excellent spirit is obtained, which, though of a bluish tint, much resembles French Brandy in flavor. A great deal of the liquor distilled in England is from this grain.

Buckwheat is excellent for cows, pigs, and poultry. When fed to pigs it is best to mix with potatoes, or some other kind of food, otherwise they are apt to be affected with eruptions. Cows yield an abundant supply of milk, when fed on buckwheat hay, provided this has been cut during the tender and succulent state of the plant, and properly cured. Some farmers have even thought it superior to timothy hay for milk cows. Sheep when fed on buckwheat in blossom, become intoxicated, so as to tumble and stumble about.

Buckwheat is often sown on exhausted land, for the plowing under

The Must.

From Graham's Magazine.

WE ARE DREAMERS ALL.

BY EDWARD OSGOOD, JR.

We are dreamers all the while that live
Asleep on our mother's breast;
In a dream of peace we sweetly smile,
As if our spirit were a dove.
By angel ones we are
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all the while that live
Of a fair one by his side;
Of the happy hour when he shall stand
Before the altar, to claim the bride;
Of his bright and beautiful bride!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all the while that live
Of the heart's desire of fame;
He struggles and toils for every year,
And sweats at his desk with eager tears,
To grasp but an empty name!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all the while that live
Of a promised rest above;
Of the pleasant path of Paradise;
Of a home of peace beyond the skies,
Prepared by the Saviour's love!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all the while that live
The Christian's dream is given;
For bright as the dream on earth may be,
He wakes to a thing more true;
When he opens his eyes in Heaven!
We are dreamers all!

The Story-Teller.

From Britain's Own Magazine.

THE BEGGAR OF SAN MARCO.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

With the lightness and grace of a bird upon the wing, a gondola cleft the limpid waters of the Giudecca, and darting swiftly through

hundreds of the same beautiful craft, gliding to the music of the gondoliers, swept up to the stairs of the Piazzetta San Marco; and two gentlemen debarking from it, mingled with the motley throng which crowded the marble pavement of the square. Threading their way through the gay multitude, they passed on to the church of San Marco. They entered beneath the porch over which stand the four famed horses of Lysippus, once the pride of Constantinople, seeming as if curbed by some invisible power, to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below, and ascended to the tower, from which they might command a view of the whole magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which the poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty of the clouds, have attempted to portray. The long sweep of the canals, and the broad lagoons, bent by their thousands into golden flutes under the rich glow of sunset. The "deep-dyed Brenta," with its walled palaces, the green trees of the Lido, and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of countless galleys, like sea-gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shore of Italy, afar, the Alpine mountains, a glorious base worthy the glorious heavens which they seemed to uplift, and then, below them, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arch of her bridges, like chains of filigree gold, linked these islands of the sea into one magnificent gem—all combined to render the scene too lovely for expression, and the two strangers (Americans) for some time stood speechless with its glorious beauty.

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"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the hazy moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel."

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Meanwhile, Irving rapidly retraced his steps, and once more entered the church, whose vastness had now become more dim and solemn in the evening shadows which were gathering up her palaces in their stealthy invisible power, to restrain their fiery leap upon the rich pavement below, and ascended to the tower, from which they might command a view of the whole magnificent scene.

It was the sunset hour. Sunset in Venice, of which the poets have sung, and painters, with pencils dipped, as it were, in the gorgeous beauty of the clouds, have attempted to portray. The long sweep of the canals, and the broad lagoons, bent by their thousands into golden flutes under the rich glow of sunset. The "deep-dyed Brenta," with its walled palaces, the green trees of the Lido, and the wide Adriatic beyond, on which the white sails of countless galleys, like sea-gulls, dipped to the gentle breeze, the cloud-like shore of Italy, afar, the Alpine mountains, a glorious base worthy the glorious heavens which they seemed to uplift, and then, below them, Venice herself, with her splendid palaces and towers, her glittering spires, and the graceful arch of her bridges, like chains of filigree gold, linked these islands of the sea into one magnificent gem—all combined to render the scene too lovely for expression, and the two strangers (Americans) for some time stood speechless with its glorious beauty.

"Was there ever a scene more beautiful than this?" at length one of them exclaimed; "and yet it is impossible to view it, fair as it is, without a feeling of melancholy; for so surely has decay fastened upon this magnificent city, 'throned upon her hundred isles.' Her palaces, her churches, her superb towers and turrets are gradually crumbling into ruin, and, ere many years, malaria, with its poison drawn from the slimy canals and lagoons, will drive hence her inhabitants!"

"But,"

"With the Rialto, St. Mark, and the Moor, and the Piazza, and the Campanile, and the Doges, her grave senators, her richly-freighted barges, oblivion may bury with the crumbling ruins around us, yet the genius of Shakespeare and Otway has rendered Venice imperishable. So long as the world stands, St. Mark and the Moor will here hold sway."

"Look yonder, Irving," continued the first speaker; "see what a glow rests on the Rialto; how, like a great bridge, it spans the water, and how the bright bosom of the Adriatic heaves in the golden light, as if conscious of her wedding garments; though now, 'The Baccante' is still resting untroubled!"

"So many pleasant memories crowd around this enchanted spot," said Winthrop, "that we might linger here for hours, and still wish to look again. But we must not forget that we have promised to accompany Mary to the opera."

"True; and yet I would gladly tarry here and view this beautiful scene in the hazy moonlight. But I am ready; we shall soon reach our hotel."

who, forgetful of all engagements, sought only to learn the history of the two beings in whom he had become so much interested.

"At eleven,"

"Very well, I will be with you."

"My dear Robert, what can we do to end this romance Charles has engaged in? I am fearful something will befall him."

"You cannot stop him, Mary; he is too headstrong for that. Let him alone, he will soon tire of his fruitless search," was the reply.

CHAPTER IV.

While this scene was taking place in the Hotel R—, a very different one, and yet nearly connected with it, was enacting in another quarter of the city.

Stretched upon a low pallet in one corner of a small sitting apartment, was the old beggar of San Marco. His eyes were closed; but, if sleeping, the contraction of his brow still denoted suffering. Kneeling by his side was Isola, tenderly bathing his temples, half-suppressed sobs heaving her gentle bosom, and the tears, in large liquid drops, resting upon her long brown eyelashes. She was very pale, and her features, lovely as they were, seemed as if sharpened by famine. Her luxuriant golden tresses, gathered in a knot upon the top of her beautifully formed head, were as a crown of virgin innocence to the fair girl, while her dress, although of the most humble material, was yet arranged with a natural ease and grace, to which no studied form of fashion could have lent a charm.

Crouching at her side was a small tame gazelle, its graceful head resting upon its slender fore-feet, and its large brown eyes, with an expression of almost human affection, fixed upon the pale countenance of its young mistress.

On a little table which stood near the bed were several wax figures, moulded in the most lifelike and perfect symmetry, also clusters of fruit and flowers of the same facile material, set in form and color to the very perfection of nature. At the head of the bed was suspended an ebony crucifix, at the foot a picture of the Virgin; nor were these the only things which imparted an air of holiness to this meagre apartment, for old age and maiden purity were there and hallowed it. In the window stood a little vase, in which one solitary flower was blooming. It looked sickly and pining, as it were for a purer atmosphere, although so carefully and tenderly cherished by Isola. Poor Isola! it had been wasted by her tears, and her sighs had fanned its opening petals.

This window, the only one, looked down upon the dark, sluggish waters of a lagoon, upon the opposite bank of which was a long row of dilapidated dwellings, from which old beds and tattered garments protruded through the pointed windows, and half-naked children were paddling in the slimy water. In strange contrast to the poverty of the apartment, Isola had described, was the long flight of rich marble steps, supported by heavily carved pillars leading down to the lagoon from the story above, and parading themselves, as it were, directly by the window.

For some time, no sound broke the stillness of this little room. The old man remained quiet, and at length overcome with weariness, the head of Isola sank upon the couch, and sleep, like a gentle mother, enfolded her. The splash of oars, and the near rippling of the water suddenly aroused the gazelle, who had remained motionless, watching the slumbers of her mistress, and appearing to understand, as if imbued with human instinct, how grateful a few moments' repose would prove to her.

Beneath the window a gondola softly glided, and mooring his light craft, the gondolier, springing quickly up the steps, gently opened the door and entered the apartment. Slight as was the noise he made, it awoke Isola.

"Blessed Virgin, I thank thee!" she exclaimed. "Ah, Giuseppe, I feared you might not come to-day—my poor father!"

"Holy Mother! what has happened, Signorina? who ails the Signor?" cried the gondolier, hastily approaching the bed and gazing anxiously upon the old man.

"Alas, Giuseppe, I fear my father is very ill! Last night in crossing the Rialto, we were met by a party of rude men, and exasperated by an insult offered to me, my father struck one of them a blow—"

"Diavolo! insult you Signorina! The ruffians—would they taste my scimitar!" exclaimed Giuseppe, setting his teeth, and half-drawing the weapon from his bosom.

"They attacked my father," continued Isola, "as regardless of his age as they were reckless of the sacred feeling which dictated the blow, and Heaven knows what would have become of us, had it not been for a stranger who interfered in our behalf, and with noble generosity defended us. Ah, Giuseppe, I shudder now to think what might have been my fate, but for his timely assistance! It was fortunate, perhaps, that the arrival of the police put an end to the affray; but I could not even stop to pour out my thanks to this generous stranger, for my father drew me hastily away from the spot. It was with difficulty we reached our home, my father seemed so weak and exhausted, and then, Giuseppe, he sank into the same state in which